

Sonata Arctica, Dream Thieves

Welcome, come in, yes this is me
I gave once too much and now
I cant get rid of thee
I cant be subtle, I cant be kind
Why I should be there for you, fuck off and get a life!!

Read a book unwritten, kill the poets dream unhidden
I wonder, did I love too much, cross the final line
Rip my life and spread the news,
cut my wings and make me choose I leave the fuckin sword on the rock,
Feel hurt? Why I should give a damn.

I know Im easy target, Im sold on blackmarket
How would you feel if I stole what you need
I give everything to youWhat will you do?
What makes you think you wont burn in hell?
You see a life but not mine
Read me a line from your torture guide
Download new lies on your scythe

This is my vision, this is one mans decision
Wise thinking from a fool
For twisted minds Im a tool
I could be independent, but can I take the heat
Variety of thieves make my illusions obsolete

I know Im easy target, Im sold on blackmarket
How would you feel if I stole what you need
I give everything to youWhat will you do?

What makes you think you wont burn in hell?
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What makes you think my words burn in hell
..I have a life...
..Read me a line...
..Your diary lies...
..Please get a life...

Burn in hell
You see a life but not mine
Read me a line from your torture guide
Download new lies on your scythe

What makes you think you wont burn in hell?
You see a life but not mine
Read me a line from your torture guide
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